White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE LAST RALLY—NOVEMBER, 1864.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Rally! rally! rally!
Arouse the slumbering land!
Rally! rally! from mountain and valley,
And up from the ocean-strand!
Ye sons of the West, America's best!
New Hampshire's men of might!
From prairie and crag unfurl the flag,
And rally to the fight!

Armies of matried heroes,
Disguised in craftsman and clerk!
Ye men of the coast, invincible host!
Come, every one, to the work—
From the fisherman, gray as the salt-sea spray
That on Long Island breaks,
To the youth who tills the uttermost hills
By the blue north-western lakes!

And ye Freedmen! rally, rally
To the banners of the North!
Through the shattered door of bondage pour
Your swarthy legions forth!
Kentuckians! ye of Tennessee,
Who scorned the despot's sway!
To all, to all, the bugle-call
Of Freedom sounds to-day!

Old men shall fight with the ballot,
Weapon the last and the best—
And the bayonet, with blood red-wet,
Shall write the will of the rest;
And the boys shall fill men's places,
And the little maiden rock
Her doll, as she sits with her grandam and knits
As unknown hero's sock.

And the hearts of heroic mothers,
And the deeds of noble wives,
With their power to bless, shall aid no less
Than the brave who give their lives.
The rich their gold shall bring, and the old
Shall help us with their prayers;
While hovering hosts of pallid ghosts
Attend as unawares.

From the ghastly fields of Shiloh,
Muster the phantom bands;
From Virginia's swamps, and Death's white camps,
On Carolian sands;
From Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg,
I see them gathering fast;
And up from Manassas, what is it that passes
Like thin clouds in the blast?

From the Wilderness, where blanches
The nameless skeleton;
From Vicksburg's slaughter and red-streaked water,
And the trenches of Donelson;
From the cruel, cruel prisons,
Where their bodies pined away;
From groaning docks, from sunken wrecks,
They gather with us to-day.

And they say to us: "Rally! rally!
The work is almost done!
Ye harvesters, sally from mountain and valley,
And reap the fields we won!
We sowed for endless years of peace,
We harrowed and watered well;
Our dying deeds were the scattered seeds—
Shall they perish where they fell?"

And their brothers, left behind them,
In the deadly rout and clash
Of cannon and sword, by fort and ford,
And the carbine's quivering flash—
Before the Rebel citadel,
Just trembling to its fall;
From Georgia's glens, from Florida's fens,
For us they call, they call!

The life-blood of the tyrant
Is ebbing fast away;
Victory waits at her opening gates,
And smiles on our array;
With solemn eyes, the Centuries
Before us watching stand;
And Love lets down his starry crown,
To bless the future land.

One more sublime endeavor,
And behold the dawn of Peace!
One more endeavor, and war forever
Throughout the land shall cease!
For ever and ever the vanquished power
Of Slavery shall be slain,
And Freedom's stained and trampled flower
Shall blossom white again!

Then rally! rally! rally!
Make tumult in the land!
Ye foresters, rally from mountain and valley!
Ye fishermen, from the strand!
Brave sons of the West, America's best!
New England's men of might!
From prairie and crag unfurl the flag,
And rally to the fight!

Select Tale.

LEAP-YEAR.

A SEASONABLE STORY.

"Nothing but a private—a common private!"

It would be in vain to attempt to portray the Lady McBethian scorn which curved Harriet Deane's lips as she spoke the sentence. John Carlyle, albeit he was quite confident of not deserving the keen-edged contempt, quailed beneath it, nevertheless.

"But, Harriet—"

"Hush!" said the imperious beauty, holding up a *warning finger*, "I want to understand this matter. Gilbert Armour was promoted to be Second Lieutenant, was he not?"

"Yes."

"And you *are* his equal in all respects?"

"Yes."

"Might you have not also shared his honors?"

"I might, I suppose, Harriet," said the young soldier, fixing his calm, dark eye upon her fair, flushed face, "if I had chosen to share them at the expense of poor Talcott, who earned his shoulder straps long ago. They should have been his by every right, months since; but poverty and obscurity are not the best place-winners. Either Gilbert Armour or I must stand aside to see a wronged man righted. He did not choose to sacrifice promotion to a scruple. I did, Harriet.—was I wrong?"

"Oh, of course, it's nothing to me," said Miss Deane. "You were perfectly right in consulting your own choice. Will you be good enough to hand me that work-basket?"

John Carlyle sat looking at the pretty creature around whom the love of his strong nature had become entwined with a fervor rare enough in these matter of fact days, in wistful perplexity. Shining auburn hair, parted away from a low pearl-like brow—deep blue eyes, like the velvety petal of a pansy, and a mouth whose intense crimson reminded you of the inside leaves of a Lord Raglan rose—she was by no means disagreeable to look at, and Mr. Carlyle was quite sensible of the fact.

"Harriet," he said, with an unconscious tremor in the syllables, "I came—"

"Excuse me, sir," interposed Miss Deane, with studied ceremony, "I am particularly busy counting these stitches—if you would be so obliging as not to interrupt me!"

All unversed as he was in the devious windings of feminine nature, John Carlyle instinctively felt that this was no auspicious season for the furtherance of his suit.

"I'll try again to night," he mused, walking homeward. "She won't be doing crochet-work forever, and I cannot go away in such torturing suspense as this. She is vexed about the shoulder straps. I wish, for her sake, I had them; yet I would not wear them, tarnished by the faintest stain of injustice or dishonor!"

The clear January sky was jeweled with frosty stars, and the solemn old church-clock had just chimed the hour of nine from its dim belfry, when he entered the bright room, with its mossy blue carpet and hangings of azure silk, and Parisian statuettes hidden by vases of vivid crimson roses.

It was not empty, however, as he had hoped and expected. Lieutenant Armour stood in the middle of the apartment, decidedly conscious of his fine new shoulder straps, and patronizing a half dozen pretty girls. He nodded laughingly to Carlyle, and went on with the sentence which the new arrival had interrupted.

"Leap-Year! to be sure it is. And I may as well state at once that I am quite ready to receive any proposition you ladies may have to make."

"Nonsense, Gilbert!" said Mary Elphinston-, his cousin.

"Nonsense, eh? Well, I'm glad you consider it in that light—*I* don't! I think it's a great shame the girls don't avail themselves of their privilege, when we men are ready with our blushes and timid glances!"

He looked at Harry Deane as he spoke, half in earnest, half jestingly. John Carlyle's eye followed the direction of his, as by a sort of fascination, and saw the rose-tint mounting to Harry's cheek, and the purple-blue eyes hidden by their white lids.

How long he stood there with a giddy pain surging through his brain, and a chill at his heart, as of a cold hand grasping at its fibres, he did not know; it might have been five minutes, or it might have been five hours; but he was roused by the breaking up of the little party, the sound of merry voices and playful adieux.

Harry Deane was standing under the chandelier, one light hand resting on the carved back of a Gothic chair—Gilbert Armour lounged on a sofa, where the blue silk curtains swept over the entrance to a bay-window. As John Carlyle pressed forward, Miss Elphinstone laid her hand on his arm softly.

"No, no," she whispered, archly, "don't you see it's an understood matter with Gilbert and Harry? Give me your arm home, for Gilbert will never think of me again."

John Carlyle turned silently away, with white lips and clenched teeth, blind to the wistful glance that shone through Harry's lashes, the uncertain quiver of her lip!

He was gone. Yes, the field was clear for the newly-made Lieutenant. He advanced, a little nervously.

"Harry—"

But to his horror and surprise she burst into a storm of passionate tears, through which her violet eyes flashed with ominous sparkles.

"Don't speak to me!" she sobbed; "don't come near me, Gilbert Armour! I wish you would go home, and never come near me again!"

"Harry!"

"How dare you call me Harry, Lieutenant Armour? Not another word; I don't want to hear what you are going to say!"

She held open the door imperially, dignified, although the tears hung on her lashes, and the auburn braids, escaping from their pins, swept her shoulders; and Lieutenant Armour walked out crest-fallen.

"Well, I've got my dismissal!" quoth he to himself, biting his long mustache in impotent wrath. "But who would have thought she was such a confound—ed little vixen!"

"You might take off the upper arm just here, without—"

"What's the use? He won't last out the day, any way, and we may as well let him go easily, even if we had time to waste in unnecessary operations!"

"I'm not so certain about that. Give the man a chance for his life. Where's the ether?"

"You want no ether; he is totally insensible!" The words fell like meaningless jangles of sound on John Carlyle's ear, as he lay, one in a multitude of wounded and dying men, in a weather-beaten old shed. The busy doctor and the kind-hearted young cadet made no impression on his fading mind; he heard what they said, as if they had been talking of some one else. There was no volition—no intellect. Life seemed ebbing away from him, as the sparkling tide goes creeping—creeping from under the stranded boat!

All at once there came a sudden, sharp pain, as the surgeon's keen instrument cleft the arm, and then followed insensibility.

"Ten to one he'll die," said the surgeon, indifferently, as he replaced the glittering tools. "There's no use bandaging it so carefully."

But the young cadet knelt down to fasten the wrappings, wondering in his secret heart if the time would ever come when he, too, should speak so carelessly of a fellow-creature's *life*, God-given!

John Carlyle did *not* die, the grim old surgeon to the contrary, notwithstanding.

There had been a glorious thunder-shower. Along the west hung heavy draperies of violet black cloud, edged with dazzling fringes of gold, while the blue zenith, smiling through its brief tears, seemed literally to swim in liquid light. And from far-off apple orchards, pink with billows of tossing bloom, and sunny slopes all empurpled with wild violets, came sudden sweeps of fragrance on the city winds, carrying the Wall Street jobbers and shrivelled money-makers back to the time when they were boys, looking for the first strawberry blossom under the canopy of the old apple tree!

The first breeze, eddying fantastically into the wide, open, hotel window, lifted the damp masses of hair on John Carlyle's wasted forehead, as he sat in the easy chair beside the casement, and passed its cool fingers softly over his burning temples, as if it fain would whisper, "don't repine any longer! Look out on the glad blue sky, and feel Heaven's healing sunshine on your cheek!"

And if man ever heeded Nature's silent monitions, John Carlyle was no exception to the general rule.

"A common private!—those were her very words," he murmured to himself, with a faint crimson spot burning on his wan cheek—"and crippled now for life! Ah, it was well that I drew back into the shadow of the curtains, when I heard her step in the corridor. Why did they bring me here, of all places in the world? Must I drink the bitter cup of humiliation to the very dregs? They should have let me die that dismal night in the hospital, when the ligatures slipped off and the red life stream drained slowly from the vital sources; that night when fever throbbed in all my veins, and I madly fancied I could feel Harry Deane's tears dropping on my cheeks. If I had died—never awaking from the delusion! But now—a common private, with only one arm!"

He laughed bitterly, as the perpetually-recurring coviction pressed itself upon his mind—a laugh that was almost a sob. Only twenty-six, and weary of his life; it is not often that heart and hope die out of a man's breast at twenty-six.

And the clustering domes and the spires of the great city, leaning against the gold and purple cloud-columns of the sunset, grew dim, and seemed to reel, as he looked upon them through the mist that was more bitter than rivers of salt tears.

"John!"

He turned listlessly around, fancying that the word had syllabled itself somehow out of the vague imaginings and unspoken fantasies that were whirling his brain.

But it was not fancy.

A slender little figure, in a dress of pale pink—the very dress he had been used to admire long ago—was kneeling on the carpet beside him, and Harry Deane's auburn hair, gleaming golden in the sunset, fell over the arm of his chair where the fair head drooped.

"Harry! Not there, dearest—not there. Let me raise you."

"Oh, let me kneel here, John!" she sobbed; let me hide my face until I have told you all. If I could but call back those dreary days when I was so heartless, so cruel toward you; and you have undergone so much since! But indeed I loved you all the time, even when I was most wilful; and I love you still! And oh! if you will only let me be your little wife, I will nurse you so tenderly and care for you so fondly! Do not send me away from you *now*, John, or I shall die!"

The sweet, pleading face, with its velvet-blue eyes shining through tears, and quivering scarlet mouth—what a new loveliness it had won to John Carlyle's glad vision!

"Harry," he said, softly, "would you sacrifice your bright young life to a common private with only one arm?"

"I would devote it to the noblest hero who ever spilled his blood for his country!"

His forehead fell on her shoulder; he was sick and dizzy with the flood-tide of happiness.

"Harry," said he, after a minute, "do you know that I fancied you liked Gilbert Armour?"

The superb scorn on her arched lip was very comical, and not unpleasant to behold.

"Gilbert Armour, indeed! You are worth ten thousand Gilbert Armours!"

"Even including his shoulder-straps?"

She put her hand softly over his lips.

"You need not suppose, Sir," she said, with a pretty defiance that became her no less than the tearful humiliation of a minute before, "that I should have come here courting you, if you hadn't been so sick and worn, and if—"

"Well?"

"If it hadn't been Leap Year!

Miscellaneous.

SHERIDAN—SEPTEMBER 19, 1864.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

I.

Sheridan, Sheridan, cavalry Sheridan!
Him of the horses and sabres I sing.
Look, how he drove them!
Look, how he clove them!
Sabred, belabored, confused and confounded
The whole rebel rout, as they fell back astounded
At the fierce stride and swing
Of our men galloping;
Shouting with vengeance, roaring with laughter,
Cheering with victory, as they plunged after
Sheridan, Sheridan, cavalry Sheridan!

II.

Ah! fair Shenandoah, thou nest of the robber,
How stands the count with thy people to-day?
Where is the fire now,
Showing thy ire now,
Blazing, white gazing with fear and amazement,
As on it crept swiftly from door-post to casement,
Weeping with pale dismay,
Stood maids, and matrons gray?
Has it not spread to thy end of the Valley?
Did it not follow thee in thy grand sally?
Sheridan, Sheridan, cavalry Sheridan!

III.

Chambersburg, Chambersburg, smouldering Chambersburg!
Sit in thy ruins, content with thy lot!
Let thy despoiler,
Snared by the toiler,
Retreated, defeated, torn, pierced, slashed with gashes,
And what thy homes were, now their bodies are—ashes!
Oh! be thy griefs forgot;
Every bright laureled spot
On thy fair hill-sides, wait matron and maiden,
With chaplets of glory, to welcome and laden
Sheridan, Sheridan, cavalry Sheridan!

IV.

Oh! Early, mad Early, thou ruthless invader,
Where are the troopers who followed thy raid?
Look at their corses—
Soldiers and horses
Whiten and brighten, with bones shining grimly,
On all the wide plains they rode over so trimly.
What has the raven said?
Where has the red fox preyed?
What is the high-sailing buzzard declaring,
In Richmond's white, up-turned face, of thy warfaring?
Sheridan, Sheridan, cavalry Sheridan!

V.

Sheridan, Sheridan, cavalry Sheridan!
When thou shalt come to thy people again,
Crowns we shall twine for thee,
And the ripe wine for thee,
Flashing and splashing from goblet and beaker,
Shall whirl round the lips of the eloquent speaker,
As he essays, in vain
Homage, to make it plain,
How the great heart of the jubilant nation
Swells toward thy own, in its full admiration,
Sheridan, Sheridan, cavalry Sheridan!

A Military Adventurer.

The Richmond Dispatch of June, 1862, said:

"In the early part of this war, Gen. McClellan wrote to a distinguished officer in the South, expressing his desire to serve in the Confederate army. If he dare deny the fact—and his recent reports prove that in mendacity he is the representative man of the Yankee nation—it can be demonstrated by such evidence as will close his lips in eternal silence. When he was at West Point he affected to fraternize especially with those from the South, and to have little sympathy with those from his own section. We say this was genuine, and that he really was anxious to serve under Jeff. Davis in this war, but the high bribe offered by Lincoln was too much for his easy virtue. He was not the man to sacrifice interest to sentiment, and of late has shown a disposition to become as extreme in his antagonism as in his friendship for the South."

The Richmond Wheg quoted the above and added:

"After the battle of Rich Mountain, McClellan declared to Confederate officers, who were prisoners of war, that "he would much rather be leading an army against Massachusetts than Virginia." This can be proven by unimpeachable authority if denied. This boasted soldier and "gentleman" of the North, is as much a hireling and adventurer as any Hessian in his ranks. If he has any conscience, it rebukes him daily for the base work in which he is employed. When to the pangs of remorse are added the shame of defeat, his condition will be such as even an enemy may pity."

The above paragraphs went the rounds of the Northern press; and we have never heard of their charges being met, or their challenge accepted by Gen. McClellan or any of his friends.

A she Copperhead near Sing Sing went to the green-house of a Unionist to purchase a wreath for a plaster bust of McClellan, (not modeled by the people—theirs won't be done till November.) "What kind will be most appropriate?" said she. "Wreaths for the dead are usually made of immortelles, Madam." That woman stayed not upon the order of her going. She went.—*New York Tribune.*

After Gen. Butler put the rebel prisoners under fire at Dutch Gap, the Richmond Whig said that if the Confederate Government yielded to this, and took the negro prisoners out of the trenches, "we abandon the whole question of slavery and of a master's right to the services of his slave." As the rebels have done that, we may consider the slavery question settled.

Why is McClellan like Job's horse? Because he "smelt the battle from afar."

The Man that Don't Surrender Much.

A little elevation at the right of the railway was the scene of one of the most heroic exploits of the war. There Col. Innis—warned by the old negro I have introduced to the reader—with a little band of three hundred and eighty-nine Michigan men, without artillery or other defences except a heavily thrown up barricade of camp-wagons and underbrush, beat off Wheeler's force of 3,000 horse and two field pieces.

"Col. Innis," said Gen. Rosecrans to him, on the eve of the battle of Stone River, "will you hold Lavergne?"

"I'll try, General."

"I ask you if you will *do* it?" exclaimed the laconic General.

"I will," quietly responded the Colonel, and he kept his word.

Just as the New Year's sun was sending its first greeting to the little band that crouched there behind the wagons, the head of the rebel column emerged from the woods which skirt the southern side of the town, and Capt. Firman, riding forward to the flimsy breastworks, cried out:

"Gen. Wheeler demands an instant and unconditional surrender."

"Give Gen. Wheeler my compliments, and tell him we don't surrender much," came back to him from behind the brush-heaps.

Mounting then his Kentucky roan, the heroic Colonel rode slowly around the rude entrenchment. "Boys," he said, "they are three thousand—have you said your prayers?"

"We are ready, Colonel. Let them come on!" answered the brave Michigan men.

And they did come on!

"Six times we swept down on them," said Capt. Firman, Wheeler's aid, to me, "and six times I rode up with a flag and summoned them to surrender; but each time Innis sent back the message, varied, now and then with an adjective, "We don't surrender much." He sat on his horse during the first charges as if on dress parade; but at the third I saw him go down. I thought we had winged him, but when we charged again, there he sat, as cool as if the thermometer had been at zero. One of our men took deleberate aim, and again he went down; but when I rode up the fifth time and shouted—"We'll not summon you again—surrender at once!" it was Innis who yelled out, "Pray don't, for we don't surrender much."

At the seventh charge I was wounded, and the General sent another officer with the summons. Your people halted him a few hundred yards from the breast-work, and an officer, in a cavalryman's over-coat, came out to meet him. ["They had killed two horses," said Col. Innis to me afterward, "and I was afraid they would singe my uniform—the fire was rather hot—so I covered it."]

"What is your rank, sir?" demanded the Union officer."

"Major, sir."

"Go back and tell Gen. Wheeler that he insults me by sending one of your rank to treat with one of mine. Tell him, too, I have not come here to surrender. I shall fire on the next flag."

"It was Innis, and by that ruse he made us believe he had received reinforcements. Thinking it was so, Wheeler drew off, and the next day Innis sent word by a prisoner that he had whipped us with three hundred and eighty-nine men!"

George Francis Train made a great speech at Wilkesbarre. The papers describe it as a regular Wyoming massacre of the Copperheads. He closed as follows:

"I had been taught to believe that the Declaration of Independence, *Magna Charta*, Yankee Doodle, and the Bible, were divine institutions; but the Judas-conceived, Janus-faced, Cataline-organized, Arnold-executed, Jeff. Davis-managed concern of rotten politicians at Chicago could only have been the work of the devil, assisted by the New York, London and Richmond descendants of the impenitent thief!"

The laboring man who wants a new dress for his wife, is now compelled to pay 75 cents a yard for it. When we had a Democratic President, he could buy it for 12 cents.—*Providence Post.*

Yes, and if your Democratic President had had the spunk of a tom-cat, or the patriotism of a bounty-jumper, the price would not have been enhanced by war.—*Providence Journal.*

"Davisegenation" is a term originating in the circumstance that a son of President Jeff. is serving in the National cause on the gunboat Carondelet, where he is fighting to crush the rebellion. The Davis junior is the son of Eliza, late a slave of the patriarchal Davis. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a recreant.

The Richmond papers have a severe time of it in explaining Early's defeat. "Apple brandy did it," says one; "lack of discipline did it," says another; "worthless cavalry did it," exclaims a third; and finally comes Early himself, telling his troops it was love of plunder that insured their defeat.

A Saratoga "belle" gossipper says: "Girls none too young to be in the nursery make their three or four tuitions a day."

To which the Boston Post adds:

"The little babies are said to change oftener."

THE CRAVEN.

BY ASPREY ANDERSON.

On that mighty day of battle, 'mid the booming and the rattle,
Shouts of victory and of anguish, wherewith Malvern's Hill did roar,
Did a General, now quite famelous, who in those lines shall be nameless,
Show himself as rather gameless—gameless on the James's shore—
Safely smoking on a gun-boat, whilst the tempest raged on shore.
Only this, and nothing more.

The Congressional Committee sat within the nation's city,
And each Congressman so witty did the General implore:
"Tell us if then at that battle, 'mid the booming and the rattle,
Wert on gun-boat or in saddle, while the tempest raged ashore?"
Answer'd he: "I don't remember—might have been."
What more?
Only this, and nothing more.

"By the truth which is eternal, by the lies that are diurnal,
By our Abraham paternal, General, we thee implore,
Tell the truth and shame the Devil, parent of old Jeff. and evil;
Give us no more of such drivel. Tell us, wert thou on the shore?"
"Don't remember—might have been"—thus spoke he o'er and o'er.
Only this, and nothing more.

"On that day, sir, had you seen a gun-boat of the name Galena,
In an anchorage to screen a man from danger on the shore?
Was a man about your inches, smoking with those two French Princes,
With a caution which evinces care for such a garde-de-corps?
Were you that man on the gun-boat?" "Don't remember—might have been." The bore!
Only this, and nothing more.

"Hot-Mutton-Pie" Democracy.

George Sennott, of Boston, illustrated a speech at Roxbury, Massachusetts, a few days ago, by this little parable:

One freezing February morning, a negro hawked mutton-pies in a basket round Faneuil Hall Square, roaring out, "Hot mutton-pies! Hot mutton-pies!" A teamster bought and tried to bite one, but found it frozen as hard as the curb-stone. "What do you call them hot for? you black and blue swindler!" yelled the teamster to the shivering pieman, "Wy-wy a white man guv 'em to me hot dis mornin'—dey was hot wen I got 'em dis mornin'!" "Well, you old fool, it didn't take ten minutes to freeze them in that old basket. Why call them *hot* now?" "Wy—God bress you, *dat's de name* ob 'em, de *name* ob 'em! If I didn't holler de right *name*, nobody would tetch 'em. You want me to holler *frose* pies, I s'pose! No, Sa! You can't fool me dat way!"

Thus it is with the Democratic party. They received from Jefferson and Jackson, as a free gift, their principles. Those gifts they meanly put up for sale, and hawk around in the deadly market of slavery, to freeze up in their shabby old party basket. They roar out, "Democratic principles! Democratic principles!" for sale being understood. And when you pay the price of your vote for them, you find slavery benumbing your fingers, paralyzing your tongue, contracting your heart, and turning your stomach. Ask the swindlers why they call such stuff Democracy, and they tell you blandly that Mr. Jefferson gave them the original article—that they have kept it ever since—that it is just as good as new, only not quite so warm perhaps—and that you really mustn't quarrel with the pieman, for what he calls it is its *name*. If you want it more Democratic, you may take it home to your own State and *warm* it; but in the meantime don't interrupt the *slaves*.

When Farragut was notified of the surrender, he sent an officer off to receive Buchanan's sword. On learning of Buchanan's wound, an officer asked Farragut if he would go off and see him. Farragut looked along his decks, strewn with dead, dying and mangled comrades, and red with the blood of others who had fallen and been removed, and then replied: "With these brave men before me, killed and mangled by him, I consider him but my enemy. I want nothing to do with him."

Punch lets us into the secret of Garibaldi's sudden eruption and evasion from Britain. One was this: Martin Farquar Tupper was preparing to speak an ode to him, composed for the occasion. No wonder he ran! Another was, "being pestered by ladies for autographs and other memorials. At the time he departed, he had already consumed three mattresses sending ladies locks of his hair."

"Sergeant, you have come home, I suppose, to vote the Democratic ticket," said a merchant in New Bedford to a veteran who entered his store.

"I have been shooting Democrats for three years," said the soldier. "I am not in the habit of voting for the game I kill."

A Vermont soldier thus soliloquized over a Democratic vote that was pressed upon him on election day: "What a fool I should be, to go down and fight the rebels for three years with my musket, and come here to stab myself in the back with a piece of paper like that!"

Why are green-backs more valuable than gold, even at its present price? Because, when you put a green-back in your pocket, you double it; and when you take it out again, you find it in creases.

Why is General Sherman like a celebrated highwayman? Because he is Robin Hood.

What is a Copperhead?

The New York Times gives the following definition of the genus copperhead:

The copperhead glories in being afraid. He flaunts his cowardice and imbecility under the nose of the whole civilized world. He confesses with pride that the slaveholders have beaten and cowed him. He acknowledges that it is a pure fear which makes him give them all they ask, and glories in it. He tells you with a chuckle what Davis wants, and what Lee will have, and what Beauregard won't go without; and calls on his neighbors and friends with all the smiling zeal of a London flunkey sent down stairs for his master's boots, to hand it over immediately. He will parade his shame on platforms every night in the week, and call it wisdom, and invoke the Divine blessings on it. When you talk to him of self-respect, he hears you with the air of a Turk listening to a disquisition on habeas corpus.

He glories in having no country, except it be the little community called a State, which, however, he passes the most of his time in abusing, depreciating and comparing disadvantageously with South Carolina or Mississippi. He belongs to no order or race of men. He gathers to himself the base and degraded of every breed of country, and is never so much at home as among the ignorant and degraded portion of foreign immigrants. It is his especial delight that he has no flag. He abhors the Stars and Stripes, and is always delighted when it is dishonored or humiliated; the Confederate flag he rather admires, and is proud of, but it does not belong to him. He has one quality in common with the negro, one which has more than aught else contributed to the degredation of this unfortunate race; it is impossible to insult him, or arouse in him any feeling of resentment. You will find him in Paris or London, skulking around hotels frequented by Southerners, denying or concealing his Northern birth, or if he owns it, abusing and ridiculing his native place, denying his own Government to foreigners who are sickened by his want of shame, gloating over the defeats of his neighbors, and predicting their ruin and confusion. You find him at home stumping the country in the interests of men who tell him they must "hold their noses" when they talk with him, and pandering to the base passions of the "baser sort," playing on all that is selfish, short-sighted, and degraded in human nature, the love of money, the love of ease, the indifference to all moral ends, or aims, or consequences—always the very incarnation of that gross and foul materialism which made good and wise men everywhere before the war, shake their heads sadly over the aspect of civilization.

A Good Hit.—At a large meeting held in Crawfordsville, Ind., Governor Morton and his opponent were present and addressed the vast audience assembled. McDonald, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was greatly troubled to know what was to be done with the negroes freed by the President's proclamation, when Governor Morton said:

"The gentleman is greatly troubled about free negroes; he need give himself no uneasiness. They are going into the army, at the rate of thousands every week, *as substitutes for Democratic politicians*, and I understand that those politicians are exceedingly well represented by them."

Contrasts are sometimes exceedingly striking. We heard one made, a day or two ago, that seemed to us to possess the double merit of truth and originality. Said a veteran, life-long Democrat of the Jeffersonian and Jackson school, in commenting on the mutations of men and parties, heaving a long-drawn sigh as he spoke: "Alas! the Democratic party, with its present avowals and its present leaders, no more resembles the Democratic party of twenty years ago, than the taste of a cucumber resembles the sound of a Kent bugle." The contrast is odd, we admit, but not more odd than true.

A Rebel Raid in New Jersey.—A soldier reading the inscriptions on the transparencies in a Democratic procession in Trenton, and discovering nothing inscribed thereon but abuse of the President of the United States and insults to our Government, turned to a companion and exclaimed: "I say, Jim, this is the first rebel raid we've seen since we left Virginia!"

A thick pamphlet has just been published, to prove that Presidents Harrison and Taylor were assassinated by poison in the interest of the South, and that the mysterious National Hotel epidemic, in 1857, was the result of a similar attempt on the life of Mr. Buchanan.

We have the testimony of exchanged prisoners, from Richmond, that the rebel authorities are very willing to release those prisoners who promise to vote for McClellan, while they send to the far South those who avow their preference for Mr. Lincoln.

The Richmond Sentinel says of the resolutions of the Southern Governors about the arming of slaves:

"They further propose a course of action in reference to slaves near the enemy's lines, and the employment of slaves in the Confederate service, which is eminently proper, and in accordance with a growing sentiment among the people."

Late Paris fashions represent the ladies wearing coat-tails a yard long.